

THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L. VIII.

F O R A U G U S T.



**T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.**

CONTAINING

A C O L L E C T I O N

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BY THE MOST EMINENT HANDS.

Written and Selected

By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

And WILLIAM WOTY.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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THE
BOTANICAL GARDEN

A COLLECTION



ORIGINALS AND REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE HERBARIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WITHIN THE HERBARIUM

BY FRANCIS T. WATSON

AND WILLIAM WOTY

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

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THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
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AUGUST. AN ODE.

THE garden blooms with vegetable gold,
And all Pomona in the orchard glows,
Her racy fruits now glory in the sun,
The wall-enamour'd flower in saffron blows,
Gay annuals their spicy sweets unfold ;
To cooling brooks the panting cattle run :
Hope, the fore-runner of the farmer's gain,
Visits his dreams, and multiplies the grain.

More hot it grows, ye fervors of the sky
Attend the Virgin — lo ! she comes to hail
Your sultry radiance — Now the God of day
Meets her chaste star — be present Zephyr's gale
To fan her bosom — let the breezes fly
On silver pinions to salute his ray ;
Bride of his soft desires, with comely grace
He clasps the virgin to his warm embrace.

The reapers now their shining sickles bear,
A band illustrious, and the sons of Health!

They bend, they toil across the wide champaign,
Before them Ceres yields her flowing wealth;
The partridge-covey to the copse repair

For shelter, sated with the golden grain,
Bask on the bank, or thro' the clover run,
Yet safe from setters, and the slaughtering gun.

Courtly Augustus, whom the bards rever'd,
Patron of science, and the genial arts,

Nam'd this fair Month, which permanent shall
Long as his bright idea in our hearts, [live
And lasting as the monument he rear'd!

Like him, ye princes, would ye long survive
Thro' time's successive æras, thus bestow,
Like him, those bounties, whence your honours flow.

Myra and I, together in the shade,
Where yonder jasmine forms a proud alcove,

Will taste the cooling sherbet, or regale
On juicy melons—Will my rosy love
Or there retire?—or walk this green parade,

And talk of nuptials in the chefnut vale?
Nuptials our hearts, which shall for ever bind,
While the swain's constant, and the damsel kind.

E L E G Y,

ON DELIA'S BEING IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE
HE SUPPOSES SHE STAYS TO SEE THE HARVEST.

BY THE LATE MR. HAMMOND.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the fylvan train.

Oh! with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loitering ox along!

The scorching heats I'll carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain,
The art of physic lost and useles lay,
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft, with a bleating lamb in either arm,
 His blushing * sister saw him pace along ;
 Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
 'Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs ? where his warlike toil ?
 Where by his darts the crested Python slain ?
 Where are his Delphi ? his delightful isle ?
 The God himself is grown a cottage swain.

O Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
 With harvest's cheerful pomp my fair detain, —
 Think what for lost † Proserpina you bore,
 And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left the fields unsown,
 Their food was acorns, Love their sole employ,
 They met, they lik'd, they stay'd but till alone,
 And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy :

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
 Thrice happy times ! — but oh ! I fondly rave,
 Lead me to Delia — all her eyes inspire
 I'll do, — I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave.

* The goddess Diana. † The daughter of Ceres, taken
 from her by Pluto.

THE MULBERRY GARDEN.

When in full pride autumnal fields appear,
 And ripen'd plenty loads the smiling year,
 With grassy honours cloaths the verdant plain,
 And golden harvests wave their bending grain,
 Lead me where trees, in lengthening ranks display'd,
 Please with their fruit, and solace with their shade;
 Where dewy mulberries their refreshment lend,
 And thro' the grove with hurthen'd boughs extend,
 The spreading leaves with salutary food
 Sustain the tender silk-worm's toiling brood,
 Whose labour'd webs the shady verdure crown,
 And dress their surface with a shining down.
 Such on Acanthus' woolly leaves are bred,
 And where their filken groves the Seres spread.

Lo! on the trees that bend with clustering weight,
 The juicy berries swell in purple state.
 Not apples that Alcinous' gardens bear,
 The melting plumb, nor fam'd Crustumian pear;
 Nor fruits of golden, or transparent rind,
 In relish equal this delicious kind.
 The careful dames a plenteous wine produce,
 And brew with mingling spice the pleasing juice.
 The Rhetic grape not purer nectar yields,
 Nor the proud growth of rich Falernian fields.
 Let the cool draught my thirsty veins supply,
 When sultry Sirius taints the fervid sky,

Thy gifts, O Bacchus, more intemperate prove,
 And to rash heats th' unruly passions move.
 By wine enflam'd young Ammon basely spilt
 His friend's warm gore, an unexampled guilt.
 Provok'd by wine the Centaurs heated train
 Presum'd with blood the bridal board to stain.
 Wine arm'd with rage the mad Ciconian crew,
 Whose hands profane the sacred Thracian flew.
 Anacreon's fate its mischiefs shall enroll,
 And direful Circe's fascinating bowl.
 With softer draughts this temperate liquor ply,
 Nor fear a threatening from its sanguine die :
 A borrow'd tincture, for, with native white,
 The pendant berries first allur'd the sight,
 'Till hapless Pyramus, by love betray'd,
 Found the torn mantle of th' expected maid :
 Mistaken omen ! and, with fatal haste,
 On the drawn steel his blooming body cast.
 The snowy fruit, that there untainted grew,
 Wash'd with his gore, forsook their silver hue,
 Their swelling pores receive a deepening stain,
 And still the lover's memory they retain.
 For, as the circling year with fruit returns,
 The pitying tree in graceful fable mourns.

Ye fair, who oft, beneath its verdure plac'd,
 In sultry hours this cooling berry taste ;
 When, with warm lips, you press the purple dew,
 And on your snowy hands the print you view ;
 To let your generous pity more appear,
 Dilute the harmless crimson with a tear.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

* A PASTORAL.

SYLVANUS, A COURTIER. PHILLIS, A COUNTRY MAID.

SYLVANUS.

HAil, Phillis, brighter than a morning sky,
 Joy of my heart, and darling of my eye;
 See the kind year her grateful tribute yields,
 And round-fac'd Plenty triumphs o'er the fields.
 But to yon gardens let me lead thy charms,
 Where the curl'd vine extends her willing arms:
 Whose purple clusters lure the longing eye,
 And the ripe cherries show their scarlet dye.

PHILLIS.

Not all the fights your boasted gardens yield
 Are half so lovely as my father's field,
 Where large increase has blest the fruitful plain,
 And we with joy behold the swelling grain,
 Whose ears luxuriant to the earth reclin'd,
 Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking wind.

* This poem was wrote by mrs. Leapor. See her character in the Poet. Cal. for July, p. 26.

SYLVANUS.

But see, to emulate those cheeks of thine,
 On yon fair tree the blushing nectarines shine:
 Beneath their leaves the ruddy peaches glow,
 And the plump figs compose a gallant show:
 With gaudy plums see yonder boughs recline,
 And ruddy pears in yon espalier twine:
 There humble dwarfs in pleasing order stand,
 Whose golden product seems to court thy hand.

PHILLIS.

In vain you tempt me while our orchard bears
 Long-keeping russets, lovely catherine pears,
 Permaines and codlins, wheaten plums enow,
 And the black damsons load the bending bough.
 No pruning-knives our fertile branches tease,
 While your's must grow but as their masters please.
 The grateful trees our mercy well repay,
 And rain us bushels at the rising day.

SYLVANUS.

Fair are my gardens, yet you flight them all;
 Then let us haste to yon majestic hall,
 Where the glad roofs shall to thy voice resound,
 Thy voice more sweet than music's melting sound:
 Orion's beam infects the sultry sky,
 And scorching fevers thro' the welkin fly;

But

But art shall teach us to evade his ray,
 And the forc'd fountains near the windows play;
 There choice perfumes shall give a pleasing gale,
 And orange-flowers their odorous breath exhale,
 While on the walls the well-wrought paintings glow,
 And dazzling carpets deck the floors below:
 O tell me, thou, whose careless beauties charm,
 Are not these fairer than a thresher's barn?

PHILLIS.

Believe me, I can find no charms at all
 In your fine carpets, and your painted hall.
 'Tis true our parlour has an earthen floor,
 The sides of plaster, and of elm the door:
 Yet the rubb'd chest and table sweetly shines,
 And the spread mint along the window climbs:
 An aged laurel keeps away the sun,
 And two cool streams across the garden run.

SYLVANUS.

Can feasts or music win my lovely maid?
 In both those pleasures be her taste obey'd.
 The ransack'd earth shall all its dainties send,
 'Till with its load her plenteous table bend.
 Then to the roofs the swelling notes shall rise,
 Pierce the glad air, and gain upon the skies,
 While ease and rapture spreads itself around,
 And distant hills roll back the charming sound.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

Not this will lure me, for, I'd have you know,
This night to feast with Corydon I go:
To night his reapers bring the gather'd grain
Home to his barns, and leave the naked plain:
Then beef and coleworts, beans and bacon too,
And the plum-pudding of delicious hue,
Sweet-spiced cake, and apple-pies good store,
Deck the brown board; and who can wish for more?
His flute and tabor too Amyntor brings,
And while he plays, soft Amaryllis sings.
Then strive no more to win a simple maid
From her lov'd cottage, and her silent shade.
Let Phillis ne'er, ah, never let her rove
From her first virtue, and her humble grove.
Go, seek some nymph that equals your degree,
And leave content and Corydon for me.

V I R T U E A N D F A M E .

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

BY LORD L—N.

Virtue and Fame, the other day,
 Happen'd to cross each other's way.
 Said Virtue, "Hark ye, madam Fame,
 "Your ladyship is much to blame:
 "Jove bids you always wait on me,
 "And yet your face I seldom see.
 "The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 "And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
 "Or, thundering thro' the ranks of war,
 "Ambition ties you to her car."

Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I protest,
 "I never think myself so blest,
 "As when I humbly wait behind you;
 "But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
 "In such obscure retreats you lurk!
 "To seek you, is an endless work."
 "Well, answer'd Virtue, I allow
 "Your plea. But hear, and mark me now:
 "I know (without offence to others)
 "I know the best of wives and mothers;

"Who

" Who never pass'd an useless day
 " In scandal, gossiping, or play ;
 " Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
 " Is lively, cheerful innocence ;
 " Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 " Whose duty is her sole delight ;
 " Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 " Her parent's joy, her husband's passion."
 Fame smil'd, and answer'd, " On my life,
 " 'This is some country parson's wife,
 " Who never saw the court nor town,
 " Whose face is homely as her gown,
 " Who banquets upon eggs and bacon." —
 " No, madam, no—you're much mistaken —
 " I beg you'll let me set you right —
 " 'Tis one with every beauty bright,
 " Adorn'd with every polish'd art
 " That rank or fortune can impart ;
 " 'Tis the most celebrated toast
 " That Britain's spacious isle can boast ;
 " 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame,
 " 'Tis Egremont — Go, tell it, Fame !"

ADDITION EXTEMPORE

TO THE VERSES ON LADY EGREMONT.

BY THE EARL OF H—KE.

FAme heard with pleasure—frait replied,
 “ First on my roll stands Wyndham’s bride,
 “ My trumpet oft I’ve rais’d to found
 “ Her modest praise the world around ;
 “ But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
 “ A muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 “ Believe me, I can name but one,
 “ A friend of your’s—’tis Lyttleton.”

LORD

LORD L——'S LETTER

TO THE EARL OF H——KE, OCCASIONED BY THE
FOREGOING VERSES.

“ MY LORD,

“ **A** Thousand thanks to your lordship for your
“ addition to my verses. If you can write
“ such extempore, it is well for other poets that
“ you chuse to be a Lord Chancellor rather than a
“ Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the
“ night before.”

M Ethought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The muse who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays,
She smil'd, and said, “ Once more I see
“ My fugitive returns to me,
“ Long had I lost you from my bower,
“ You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
“ With me no more your genius sported,
“ The grave Historic Muse you courted;
“ Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes
“ Pursued Urania thro' the skies;

“ But

" But now, to my forsaken track,
 " Fair Egremont has brought you back :
 " Nor blush, by her and virtue led,
 " That soft, that pleasing path to tread ;
 " For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 " Even Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 " Lo ! to my flowery groves and springs
 " Her favourite son the goddess brings,
 " The council's and the senate's guide :
 " Law's oracle, the nation's pride :
 " He comes, he joys with thee to join
 " In singing Wyndham's charms divine ;
 " To thine he adds his nobler lays,
 " Even thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 " Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 " His fame with burgeses or with cit ;
 " For sure one line from such a bard
 " Virtue would think her best reward.

VERSES

V E R S E S

SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DR. YOUNG, NOT
LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH.

KInd companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the muse's latest spark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bad thee look beyond the grave:
Genius soars, and virtue guides,
Where the love of God presides.
There's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why stand shivering on the shore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring Virtue guides
Let us brave the winds and tides:
Safe, thro' seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue steers.

THE

THE
MUSES, MERCURY, AND FAME.

ON OCCASION OF SIR WILLIAM IRBY'S BEING
CREATED LORD BOSTON.

THE Muses were on Pindus met,
When Hermes brought a coronet,
And said, — his brow let this entwine
In whom the fairest virtues shine.

He, whose benevolence of soul
No selfish impulse can controul;
In whom politeness is combin'd
With sylvan probity of mind:
Who candid, generous, and just,
We safely to his word may trust:
Who, view'd in each domestic light,
Husband, or father, glads the sight:
Whose offspring form his darling care,
And thence each wish'd perfection share:
Whose firm fidelity, long tried,
Like gold, will every test abide:
Whose ceaseless services must claim,
'Mongst courtiers, some distinguish'd name:

Who, to his sovereign's interest true,
Has Britain's weal in stedfast view.
When Fame, who listen'd all the while,
Stept in, and spake thus with a smile.

Muses! — If you would justice show,
Let me the radiant gift bestow.

Her airy pinions then she spread,
And plac'd it on lov'd Irby's head.

W R O T E B Y A L A D Y

ON A GLASS, UNDER HER NAME.

FRail glass, thou bear'st my name as well as I,
And who can tell in which it first shall die?

ODE

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAil, penfive virgin! ever hail!
 Oft have I met thee in the vale,
 And oft inscrib'd a song to thee,
 When musing near yon aged tree:
 Nor serious, silent Solitude,
 Didst thou despise my numbers rude.
 Remote from man, in shady dell,
 Thou hears the loud funereal bell,
 Or from the thronged city far,
 At evening counts each little star;
 Or by the pale moon's silver light,
 O'er hill and forest takes thy flight.
 Sweet nun, who haunts the lonely lane,
 Teach me that life is short and vain,
 That grandeur, pageantry, and power,
 Will vanish all at death's dread hour,
 That beauty's roses soon decay,
 Like odoriferous flowers in May.
 Teach me to weep for others woe,
 O cause the tender tear to flow!

Fair woodland nymph! when all is still,
 Thou climbs the high adjacent hill,
 And oft, by Thames's rushy side,
 Delights to hear the smooth wave glide;
 Sister of peace and piety,
 Sweet nun, I long to visit thee.

F O U R E L E G I E S.

BY MR. STEPHEN PANTING.

ELEGY I. MORNING.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild; then smiling Night.

MILTON.

THE opening east now streaks a ruddy ray,
 The morn far-streaming shakes the realms of
 Aurora pours the bright resplendent day, [night,
 And drowsy darkness wings her heavy flight.

The eve-born fogs in vagrant vapours rise,
 And shade the earth with clouds of murky hue,
 'Till Phœbus, chasing Chaos from the skies,
 Bedecks th' enlighten'd scene with radiant dew.

Nature, awak'd from sweet refreshing rest,
 Infuses vigour thro' Creation's reign,
 Gay pleasures dawn, and gladden every breast,
 While Joy inspires one universal strain.

In greener verdure shines each tree array'd,
 A brighter blossom buds the leafy spray,
 The swarming songsters, thro' the sylvan shade,
 On every bush blythe-warbling pour the lay.

To shun the loath'd embrace of meagre want,
 The early threshers whirl aloft the flail;
 And lusty woodmen, at the lark's first chant,
 The forest-echo with their axes hail.

Now whistling hinds prepare the toilful plow,
 Or drive o'er flowery lawns the frisking flock,
 Now shepherds climb the summit's craggy brow,
 And goats high-pendent browse the bushy rock.

The big-swoln udder prompts the lowing train
 The balmy tribute to their lord to pay,
 The merry milkmaid and the jocund swain
 Now carol wild a rustic roundelay.

The jolly hunter winds his bugle-horn,
 And cheerful notes rend wide the welkin round,
 Shrill echo wakes the slowly-rising morn,
 And every glowing bosom feels the sound.

In civil life, where various arts abound,
 That give or ease or dignity to man,
 The dawning light and busy scene around
 Display the thoughtful brow, and toilful clan.

Now, lightly tripping o'er the breezy green,
 The bright Hygeia leads her festive train,
 Now young-eyed Pleasure's laughing troop is seen
 To tread in mazy dance the pearly plain.

Whilst, on the yielding pillow's downy folds,
 In sleepy state nods Sloth's destructive power,
 A stupid dose her drowsy votaries holds,
 And man beguiles of life's most precious hour.

Around her couch sits spirit-wasting spleen,
 The hollow eye that looks heart-gnawing care,
 The asthma, pallid form, and sickness green,
 While physic's solemn sons smile dreadful near.

The crew, who, late so barbarously gay,
 Swell'd the loud riot o'er the midnight bowl,
 In Morpheus' cave unseemly snore the day,
 Void of each manly nobleness of soul.

The upland walks more sapient spirits seek,
 Where ease and health, and sweet content agree,
 Where rosy redness streaks the blooming cheek,
 Where pompous doctor never palm'd a fee.

As Nature's variegated beauties rise,
 How swells the growing landscape on the eye!
 From the fine blendure of ten thousand dyes,
 The visual soul is lost in grand variety.

Now gay imagination boldly roves,
 Excursive thro' creation's ample scene,
 O'er the bare desert, thro' the spicy groves,
 The dank wave's depth, and ether's blue serene.

Oft too inspir'd at morning's early dawn
 The bard high wrapt in sweet poetic dream,
 Or slowly wanders o'er the dewy lawn,
 Or on the daïsied marge of murmuring stream.

There as Aurora shed ambrosial light,
 Erst to her Shakespear's lov'd embrace she flew,
 There swell'd his soul with rapturous delight,
 As Nature's genuine charms her pencil drew.

Oft Spencer too, Eliza's blithest swain,
 With her in dalliance has the hours beguil'd,
 From oaten reed oft pip'd the artless strain
 To moral fiction, Fancy's loveliest child.

O power, that giv'st the energy of song,
 Without whose aid the labour'd volume's nought,
 O snatch a votary from the lifeless throng,
 Inspire each line, and animate each thought!

Thy genial impulse warms the bard to sing,
 In every different clime and rolling age,
 And erst beside thy fairy-grot did spring
 Each Attic wreath, that crowns the tuneful sage.

E L E G Y II.

NOON.

High in the zenith of his wide domain [tide ray,
 Flames the bright power, that rules the noon-
 O'er the fierce steeds loose shakes the golden rein,
 And darts around intolerable day.

Beside his chariot, born with rapid speed,
 Enfeebling Sweats and paly Languors ride,
 Wan Sicknes, mounted on a sun-beam steed,
 Flashes her pestilential falchion wide.

The vermeil verdure of th' enamell'd mead,
 The flocks, the herds, all feel the sultry power,
 Scorch'd nature fainting droops her languid head,
 And all creation mourns the fervent hour.

By gelid founts, and rills that purl the glade,
 Where Dian's sylvan train at noon resort,
 The Dryad Coolness seeks the sheltering shade,
 While round her moss-bed balmy breezes sport.

Oft now sequester'd in the lonely dale,
 Where nought obtruding may their joys prevent,
 The happy lover sighs the tender tale,
 While glowing blushes speak the soft consent.

Around the turf ten thousand Cupids play,
 Or sweetly prattling lisp th' extatic bliss,
 Short-breathing wishes throng, and romping May,
 The rustling dalliance, and the kindling kiss.

With purest truth here artless passion charms,
 No fraud nor sordid thoughts love's shrine invade,
 An equal flame each beating bosom warms, [maid.
 No airs distract the swain, nor falsehood mourns the

In flowery scenes, where waves the leafy shade,
 Where woodbine's bloom, and thymy verdure
 In vacant mood is learned Leisure laid, [spring,
 And to blithe echo sweeps the vocal string.

Or smit with sacred love of antient song,
 Where art and genius rule with mingled rage,
 He rolls the raptures of the tuneful throng,
 That drew with classic skill fair virtue's page.

Now where Augusta lifts her head sublime,
 And wealthy Commerce holds her honour'd stand,
 The sons of industry from every clime
 With Albion's chiefs appear, a motley band.

Beneath th' auspicious beamings of her smile
 Britannia sees her real glories rise,
 Calm peace and cheerful plenty crown her isle,
 To hostile shores while want and terror flies.

And long, lov'd isle, may bounteous heaven pour
 These gracious blessings on thy favour'd land,
 And as thou stand'st the first in regal power,
 In virtue may'st thou too the foremost stand!

Now Hospitality, a matron hoar,
 Whose step on piteous charity attends,
 With liberal hand unfolds her genial store,
 His dreary path where pensive Penury bends.

Her generous smiles sad Sorrow's tumults calm,
 And glad the meagre sons of needy Care,
 O'er wounded minds free pours the healing balm,
 That sooths each woe-sprung thought and gloomy
 fear.

Erst was she frequent in Britannia seen,
 The warm inspirer of each noble breast,
 But rarely now she treads this earthly scene,
 To heaven is flown each heaven-descended guest.

For see, where-e'er the gilded turrets rise
 And modern Grandeur holds her pompous seat,
 From costly cates where fragrant fumes arise,
 There lavish Luxury leads the princely treat.

The dædal arches flowery wreaths entwine,
 And joyous music swells the festive strain,
 The bowls high foam with wit-inspiring wine,
 And laughing Comus leads his jovial train.

T' arrest the pleasures of the thoughtless band,
 See every dire disease in troops appear,
 A death-dart arms each spectre's meagre hand,
 And Want exulting swells the ghastly rear.

Far other scenes the decent dome displays,
 Where modest Temperance holds her artless reign,
 There gaudy Greatness pours no idle blaze,
 Nor wanton Folly leads her revel train.

Content is there, and Innocence, and Health,
 The breast humane that feels another's woe,
 Virtues that yield such happiness, as Wealth
 With all her pageant pomp can ne'er bestow.

Hail blissful state! where beams the eye serene,
 The manly heart, and brow unknown to care,
 Where bright-eyed Hope illumines each darkling
 Averting every shaft of fell despair. [scene,

ELEGY

E L E G Y III.

EVENING.

THE broad sun verging on the close of day,
 A fuller red beams o'er th' ethereal plain,
 The streaky clouds attend his last bright ray,
 And silver Vesper leads his starry train.

Dim fades each lovely variegated scene,
 That swell'd to extasy the visual soul,
 As mist-clad Evening treads the breezy green,
 And wakes the buzzing bat and mopeing owl.

O'er Vegetation's numerous tribes she pours
 The dews refreshing, as their sweets exhale;
 While from the odorous shrubs and breathing flowers
 A balmy fragrance swells the pregnant gale.

Now labour rests, and to the sons of toil
 Sweet relaxation gives the vacant hour,
 While ease, or sports, or social scenes beguile,
 As fancy prompts, mankind's directive power.

By courage fir'd to many a hardy game,
 To the throng'd ring the village youths repair,
 Where young ambition pants for generous fame,
 And victory's wreath oft wins the scornful fair,

Or with the bright maid join'd, whose mutual glance
 Holds in love's silken bonds the feeling heart,
 On the gay green they tread the mazy dance, [part.
 Whilst sweet-tongued Phœbe plays the minstrel's

The sons of genius, forc'd by heat extreme,
 Waste in the cooling shade the tedious day,
 Now setting Phœbus pours the milder gleam
 Thro' the thrush-haunted copse, or upland stray.

Where, to chant forth their evening hymn of praise,
 Full frequent perch'd on many a verdant spray,
 Their warblings wild the feather'd songsters raise,
 By far more sweet than art's most labour'd lay.

Whilst blithsome milkmaids in the neighbouring
 The rural ditty tune in cheerful strain, [mead,
 The weary woodman seeks his lowly shed,
 And thoughtless plow-boy whistles o'er the plain.

How sweet the pleasure at mild evening's hour
 When gentle breezes fan the sultry air,
 To seek Reflection in her lonely bower,
 Or drown in generous wine intruding care.

Or where meandering Isis' waters stray,
 And woo with many a kiss Oxonia's plain,
 In sharp-prow'd boat to cut the liquid way,
 And at the bending oar with pleasure strain.

And see how generous emulation fires
 The youths that in the neighbouring wherry ride,
 While hope of victory this and that inspires,
 Tho' equal skill and strength retains them side by
 side.

But now some deep-struck oar the weeds detain,
 The rivals shoot with rapid speed a-head,
 Success strings every nerve, warms every vein,
 While gloomy grief is o'er the vanquish'd spread.

Just emblem this of man's uncertain state!
 For when long plodding some ambitious scheme,
 Ready to reach the top, some shaft of fate
 Arrests him vainly wise, and ends his pleasing
 dream.

ELEGY

E L E G Y IV.

MIDNIGHT.

SOL rolls no more his beamy car on high,
 No more benignly pours the radiant ray,
 Sad sable darkness wide obscures the sky,
 And gloomy night usurps the realms of day.

Gay Pleasure treads no more the glossy green,
 Lost are the beauties of the verdant plain,
 Creation droops thro' Nature's ample scene,
 And Chaos re-assumes his dreary reign.

Soft warbling thro' the silent ether's space,
 No easy notes now strike the listening ear,
 But owls and bats, deep night's ill-omen'd race,
 Appal the timid soul with wild distracting fear.

Horror too, clad in terrible array
 Of phantom beings, leads his bug-bear train,
 From opening graves now solemn sounds dismay,
 And ghosts dire yelling stalk the dreary plain.

O'er sheeted lakes, and heaths of misty hue,
 Where fancy forms the fairy's magic court,
 By the pale moon, or vapours glimmering blue,
 Th' ideal elyes of night their gambols sport.

Now where devotion holds her high abode,
 And vivid tapers gloom the sacred isle,
 To sound the praises of th' eternal God,
 The loud-peal'd organ shakes the holy pile.

Hail midnight, hail, and thou the solemn scene,
 The sadly-serious melancholy's cell,
 Where nought of Folly's savage train is seen,
 But where the sons of thought delight to dwell.

Let artful statesmen scheme the awful hour,
 Let empire wake ambition's daring train,
 To rouse rebellion's fell destructive power,
 And give dire discord o'er mankind to reign.

Let avarice gore the wretched miser's breast,
 To watch with vulture care his art-rais'd mine;
 Let fierce desire distract the lover's rest
 To sigh sad plaints at cruel Sylvia's shrine.

Or where the Bacchanalians hold their reign,
 And riot rules with wild despotic sway,
 Let lavish spendthrifts swell the bestial train,
 And thoughtless in life's fatal follies stray.

Far other bliss, far other joys be mine,
 O thought-befriending Contemplation sweet!
 To where the midnight tapers dimly shine,
 Conduct, benign, a studious votary's feet.

Give me in Learning's ample field to stray,
 Its sacred tomes of treasur'd sense unfold,
 With steady step to trace the devious way,
 Where sleep the latent mines of classic gold.

Or 'midst the solemn stillness of the grove,
 Where Philomela warbles wood-notes wild :
 With me, O Contemplation, deign to rove,
 The sacred scene inviting musings mild.

There, till gay Phœbus gilds another sky,
 With thee I'll waste the sweetly-serious hour,
 From life's low scenes, and fatal follies fly,
 And woo sage wisdom in her cavern'd bower.

These sounds while fancy's plastic power express,
 As thro' the solitary wilds I stray'd ;
 Majestic, like a Roman matron drest,
 Imagination saw the heavenly maid.

Around a sudden gleam illum'd the place,
 The path with easy elegance she trod,
 When thus—soft-smiling with angelic grace,
 “ Here Contemplation holds her still abode :

“ Here oft my Milton, in the midnight gloom,
 “ Has caught the lofty sentiment refin'd,
 “ Here oft sought science in her cloister'd dome,
 “ Hence fill'd the mighty volume of his mind :

“ Here learnt above the duller sons of earth
 “ In all the dignity of thought to rise,
 “ Here plann’d the work, that told creation’s birth,
 “ Hence gain’d his native palace in the skies.

“ But rais’d to join the aerial choir on high,
 “ That chant harmonious at th’ Almighty’s throne,
 “ Mov’d at the pensive world’s complaintive sigh,
 “ I to direct them sent this second son.”

When, leading in her hand a reverend sage,
 Her heavenly accents thus my ears address,
 “ Receive the instructor of a darkened age,
 “ Religion’s friend, and Piety’s high-priest.”

She ceas’d, and to my fancy’s longing sight
 No more was given the glorious form to see,
 She fled along the thickening shades of night,
 And left the world to Darkness, Young, and Me.



WINE.

WINE. A POEM.

BY THE LATE MR. GAY.

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,**Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

HOR.

OF happiness terrestrial, and the source [muse,
 Whence human pleasures flow, sing heavenly
 Of sparkling juices, of the enlivening grape,
 Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
 Whose sovereign power revives decaying nature,
 And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
 A kindly warmth diffusing; youthful fires
 Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
 His wrizzled visage, ghastly wan before:
 Cordial restorative to mortal man,
 With copious hand by bounteous Gods bestow'd.

Bacchus divine, aid my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar:
 Inspir'd, sublime on Pegasean wing,
 By thee upborn, I draw Miltonic air.

When fuming vapours clog our loaded brows
 With furrow'd frowns, when stupid downcast eyes,
 Th' external symptoms of remorse within,
 Our grief express, or when in sullen dumps,
 With head incumbent on expanded palm,

Moaping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd :
 Whether inveigling Hymen has trapann'd
 Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
 Of jangling wedlock indissoluble ;
 Worried all day by loud Xantippe's din,
 Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
 And fix him there among the branched crew,
 (Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,)
 The greatest monsters of the Zodiac :
 Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf,
 Or Celia's scornful slights, and cold disdain
 Had check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse,
 The worst events that mortals can befall ;
 By cares depress'd, in pensive hyppish mood,
 With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll.

Thy charming sight, but much more charming
 New life incites, and warms our chilly blood, [gust,
 Strait with pert looks, we raise our drooping fronts,
 And pour in crystal pure, thy purer juice,
 With cheerful countenance and steady hand
 Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim [taste,
 To th' expecting mouth ; and now, with grateful
 The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue,
 The circling blood with quicker motion flies ;
 Such is thy powerful influence, thou strait
 Dispell'st those clouds, that lowering, dark eclips'd
 The whilom glories of our gladsome face ;
 And dimpled cheeks, and sparkling rolling eyes,

Thy

Thy cheering virtues, and thy worth proclaim.

So mists and exhalations that arise

From hills or steamy lake, dusky or grey,

Prevail, till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,

And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold,

Unable to resist, the foggy damps,

That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,

At the god's penetrating beams, disperse :

The earth again in former beauty smiles,

In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.

When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,

Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood,

joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours,

'Till, reinforc'd by thy almighty aid,

He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessings,

The British mariner quits his native shore,

And ventures thro' the trackless vast abyss,

Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,

With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves ;

Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds she rolls

In dangers imminent, till she arrives

At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy presence.

Whether at Lusitania's sultry coasts,

Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,

Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores ;

With gazing pleasure and astonishment

At Paradise (seat of our antient fire)

He thinks himself arriv'd, the purple grapes,
 In largest clusters pendent, grace the vines
 Innumeros ; in fields grottesque and wild
 They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
 And load with fruit divine her spreading boughs;
 Sight most delicious ! not an irksome thought,
 Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
 Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
 His kindly-treacherous memory now presents ;
 The jovial God has left no room for cares.

Celestial liquor, thou that didst inspire
 Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
 With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
 Unparallel'd, with eloquence profound,
 And arguments convincive, didst enforce
 Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd :
 Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
 Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
 To jaded muse, and oft, with vain attempt,
 Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
 With pains essay'd ; but, abject still and low,
 His unrecruited muse could never reach
 The mighty theme, till, from the purple font
 Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
 He quench'd, and, with inspiring nectarous juice,
 Her drooping spirits cheer'd, aloft she towers
 Born on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
 And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings :
 'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,

And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
 Excit'ft; thou check'ft inglorious lolling ease,
 And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'ft.
 O thou, that first my quickened soul engag'd,
 Still with thy aid assist me, what is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support,
 That to the height of this great argument,
 Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
 In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
 I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
 His muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
 Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
 Aerial, now in Ariconian bogs
 She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
 Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
 In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
 At rural seat, Lucretelus retir'd;
 Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
 Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine,
 Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade
 Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
 A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends
 On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
 In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!
 With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths
 Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods!

Choicest nectarian juice crown'd largest bowls,
 And overlook'd the lid, alluring sight,
 Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!
 Whether from Formain grape depress'd, Falern,
 Or Setin, Massic, Gauran or Sabine,
 Lesbian or Cæcuban, the cheering bowl
 Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd wit
 To sing Mecænas' praise, their patron kind.

But we, not as our pristine fires repair
 T' umbrageous grot or vale, but when the sun
 Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
 Darts sloping, and to Theris' watery lap
 Hastens in prone career, with friends select
 Swiftly we hie to Devil, Young or Old,
 Jocund and boon, where at the entrance stands
 A stripling, who, with scrapes and humil cringe,
 Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland;
 With lightest bound, and safe unerring step
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs:
 Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
 And wagging tail, gambols, and frisks before
 His sequel lord from pensive walk return'd,
 Whether in shady wood, or pasture green,
 And waits his coming at the well known gate.
 Nigh to the stairs ascent, in regal port,
 Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
 Command and sov'reignty, with haughty air,
 And studied mien, in semicircular throne
 Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands;

Behind her (dazzling sight) in order rang'd,
 Pile above pile crySTALLINE vessels shine;
 Attendant slaves with eager stride advance,
 And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
 Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
 She knows the jargon sounds, and strait describes,
 In characters mysterious, words obscure;
 More legible are algebraic signs,
 Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
 When they invoke aid diabolical.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
 Of savage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
 The loud Centaurean broils with Lapithæ
 Sound harsh, and grating to Lenzæan god;
 Chase brutal feuds of Bælian skippers hence,
 (Amid their cups, whose innate tempers shown)
 In clumsy fist wielding scymetrian knife,
 Who slash each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,
 Prophaning Bacchanalian solemn rites:
 Music's harmonious numbers better suit
 His festivals, from instrument or voice,
 Or Gasperim's hand the trembling string
 Should touch, or from the Tuscan dames,
 Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
 Sweet symphonies should flow, the Delian god
 For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stairs ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
 The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
 (To ear offensive) round the table sets,

We sit, when thus his florid speech begins:
 " Name, sirs, the wine that most invites you, taste
 " Champaign or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
 " Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
 " Bourdeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant:"
 For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
 Declare, (such sympathy's in boon compeers.)
 He quits the room alert, but soon returns,
 One hand capacious glistering vessels bore
 Resplendent, th' other, with a grasp secure,
 A bottle (mighty charge) upstaid, full fraught
 With goodly wine, he, with extended hand
 Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
 O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
 We strait to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs;
 Now glasses clash with glasses, (charming sound!)
 And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
 Crowns the full glass; at her inspiring name
 The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile;
 With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
 The health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pause ensues; and now with grateful chat
 W' improve the interval, and joyous mirth
 Engages our rais'd souls, pat repartee,
 Or witty joke, our airy senses move
 To pleasant laughter, strait the echoing room
 With universal peals and shouts resounds.

The royal Dane, blest consort of the queen,
 Next crowns the rubied nectar, all whose bliss

In Anna's plac'd with sympathetic flame,
 And mutual endearments, all her joys,
 Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
 Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
 Of loyal subjects, with his sovereign queen;
 For, by his prudent care, united shores
 Were sav'd from hostile fleets invasion dire.

The hero Malbro' next, whose vast exploits
 Fame's clarion sounds, fresh laurels, triumphs new
 We wish, like those he won at Hockstet's field.

Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
 Of noblest patriots sprung, whose soul's endow'd,
 And is with every virtuous gift adorn'd
 That shone in his most worthy ancestors,
 For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
 Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal
 Frugal, but free and generous of his own,
 Next crowns the bowl, with faithful Sunderland,
 And Halifax, the muses darling son,
 In whom conspicuous, with full lustre shine
 The surest judgment, and the brightest wit,
 Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too,
 And all the worthies of the British realm
 In order rang'd succeeded, healths that ting'd
 The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

Now each their mistress, by whose scorching eyes
 Fir'd, toast; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibella,
 Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes

Piercing, or airy Celia, sprightly maid !
 Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours ;
 Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean God
 Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
 Enlightens our glad looks with lovely die ;
 All blithe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights,
 Of rotund table, fam'd in pristine records,
 Now most we seem'd — such is the power of wine !

Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
 And joys unfullied pass, till humid night
 Has half her race perform'd, now all abroad
 Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
 Of coach or cart, or smoaky link-boy's call
 Is heard, but universal silence reigns :
 When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
 Surpriz'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
 With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
 Alarm the drowzy youth from slumbering nod ;
 Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
 Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
 His yet clung eyelids, and with staggering reel
 Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills ;
 When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
 And homeward each his course with steady step
 Unnerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE GYMNASIAD. AN EPIC POEM.

BY MR. P. W.

BOOK I. ARGUMENT.

The invocation, the proposition, the night before the battle described; the morning opens, and discovers the multitude hastening to the place of action; their various professions, dignities, &c. illustrated; the spectators being seated, the youthful combatants are first introduced, their manner of fighting display'd; to these succeed the champions of a higher degree, their superior abilities marked, some of the most eminent particularly celebrated; mean-while, the principal heroes are represented sitting, and ruminating on the approaching combat, when the herald summons them to the lists.

Sing, sing, O muse, the dire contested fray,
 And bloody honours of that dreadful day,
 When Phaeton's * bold son (tremendous name)
 Dar'd Neptune's † Offspring to the lists of fame,

* Stephenfon.

† Broughton.

What fury fraught thee with ambition's fire,
Ambition, equal foe to son and fire?

One, hapless fell by Jove's etherial arms,
And one, the Triton's mighty power disarms.

Now all lay hush'd within the folds of night,
And saw in painted dreams th' important fight;
While hopes and fears alternate turn the scales,
And now this hero, and now that prevails;
Blows and imaginary blood survey,
Then, waking, watch the slow approach of day.
When, lo! Aurora in her saffron vest,
Darts a glad ray, and gilds the ruddy east.

Forth issuing now all ardent seek the place,
Sacred to fame, and the athletic race;
As from their hive the clustering squadrons pour,
O'er fragrant meads to sip the vernal flower;
So from each Inn, the theatre to fill,
Haste banded seers, and pupils of the quill.
Senates and shambles pour forth all their store,
Mindful of mutton, and of laws no more;
Even money bills, uncourtly, now must wait,
And the fat lamb has one more day to bleat.
The highway knight now draws his pistol's load,
Rests his faint steed, and this day franks the road.
Bailiffs, in crowds, neglect the dormant writ,
And give another Sunday to the wit;
He too would hie, but, ah! his fortunes frown,
Alas! the fatal passport's—half a crown.

Shoals

Shoals press on shoals, from palace and from cell,
 Lords yield the Court, and butchers Clerkenwell.
 St. Giles's natives, never known to fail,
 All who have haply scap'd th' obdurate jail;
 There many a martial son of Tottenham lies,
 Bound in Deveilian bands, a sacrifice
 To angry justice, nor must view the prize.

Assenbled myriads croud the circling seats,
 High for the combat every bosom beats,
 Each bosom partial for its hero bold,
 Partial thro' friendship, — or depending gold.

But first, the * infant progeny of Mars
 Join in the lists, and wage their pigmy wars;
 Train'd to the manual fight, and bruiseiful toil,
 The stop defensive, and gymnastic foil;
 With nimble fists their early prowess show,
 And mark the future hero in each blow.

To these, the hardy iron-race succeed,
 All sons of † Hockley and fierce Brickstreet breed;

* Infant progeny of Mars] Our author in this description
 alludes to the *Lusus Trojæ* of Virgil,

Incedunt pueri —

— *Trojæ juvenus*

— *Pugnæque ciunt simulachra sub armis.*

† Hockley and fierce Brickstreet breed] Two famous
 athletic seminaries.

Mature

Mature in valour, and inur'd to blood,
 Dauntless each foe in form terrific stood;
 Their callous bodies frequent in the fray,
 Mock'd the fell stroke, nor to its force gave way.
 'Mongst these Gloverius, not the last in fame,
 And he whose clog delights the beauteous dame,
 Nor least thy praise whose artificial light
 In Dian's absence gilds the clouds of night.

While these the combat's direful arts display,
 And share the bloody fortunes of the day,
 Each hero fat, revolving in his soul
 The various means that might his foe controul;
 Conquest and glory each proud bosom warms,
 When, lo! the herald summons them to arms.

B O O K II.

ARGUMENT.

Stephenson enters the lists; a description of his figure; an encomium on his abilities, with respect to the character of coachman. Broughton advances; his reverend form described; his superior skill in the management of the lighter and wherry displayed; his triumph of the badge celebrated; his speech; his former victories recounted; the preparation for the combat, and the horror of the spectators.

First, to the fight, advanc'd the charioteer,
 High hopes of glory on his brow appear;
 Terror vindictive flashes from his eye;
 (To one the fates the visual ray deny)
 Fierce glow'd his looks, which spoke his inward rage,
 * He leaps the bar, and bounds upon the stage.
 The roofs re-echo with exulting cries,
 And all behold him with admiring eyes.

* He leaps the bar, &c.] See the description of Dares in Virgil.

Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert

Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit.

Ill-fated youth, what rash desires could warm
 Thy manly heart to dare the Triton's arm?
 Ah! too unequal to these martial deeds,
 Tho' none more skill'd to rule the foaming steeds.
 The courfers still obedient to thy rein,
 Now urge their flight, or now their flight restrain.
 Had mighty Diomed provok'd the race,
 Thou far had'st left the Grecian in disgrace,
 Where'er you drove, each inn confess'd your sway,
 Maids brought the dram, and ostlers flew with hay.
 But know, tho' skill'd to guide the rapid car,
 None wages like thy foe the manual war.

Now Neptune's offspring, dreadfully serene,
 Of size gigantic, and tremendous mien,
 Steps forth, and 'midst the fated lists appears,
 Reverend his form, but yet not worn with years.
 To him none equal in his youthful day,
 With feather'd oar to skim the liquid way;
 Or thro' those streights whose waters stun the ear,
 The loaded lighter's bulky weight to steer.
 Soon as the ring their antient warrior view'd,
 Joy fill'd their hearts, and thundering shouts ensued;
 Loud as when o'er Thamesis' gentle flood,
 Superior with the Triton youths he row'd,
 While far a-head his winged wherry flew, [due.
 Touch'd the glad shore, and claim'd the badge its
 Then thus indignant he accosts the foe,
 (While high disdain sat prideful on his brow.)

Long

Long has the laurel wreath victorious spread
 Its sacred honours round this hoary head;
 The prize of conquest in each doubtful fray,
 And dear reward of many a dire-fought day.
 Now youth's cold wane the vigorous pulse has chas'd,
 * Froze all my blood, and every nerve unbrac'd,
 Now, from these temples shall the spoils be torn,
 In scornful triumph by my foe be worn?
 What then avails my various deeds in arms,
 If this proud crest thy feeble force disarms.
 Lost be my glories to recording fame,
 When foil'd by thee, the coward blasts my name,
 I, who ere manhood my young joints had knit,
 First taught the fierce Grettonius to submit;
 While, drench'd in blood, he prostrate press'd the
 And inly groan'd the fatal words—'no more.' [floor,
 Allenius too, who every heart dismay'd,
 || Whose blows, like hail, flew rattling round the head;
 Him oft the ring beheld, with weeping eyes,
 Stretch'd on the ground, reluctant yield the prize.
 Then fell the Swain, with whom none e'er could vie,
 Where Harrow's steeple darts into the sky.

* Froze all my blood] See Virgil.

—Sed enim gelidus tardante senectâ

Sanguis hebet, frigentque effætæ in corpore vires,

† Whose blows like hail, &c.] Virgil.

—quam multa grandine nimbi

Culminibus crepitant. —

Next the bold youth a bleeding victim lay,
 Whose waving curls the barber's art display.
 You too this arm's tremendous prowess know,
 Rash man, to make this arm again thy foe.

* This said—the heroes for the fight prepare,
 Brace their big limbs, and brawny bodies bare.
 The sturdy sinews all aghast behold,
 And ample shoulders of Atlean mould;
 Like Titan's offspring who 'gainst heaven strove,
 So each, tho' mortal, seem'd a match for Jove.
 Now round the ring a silent horror reigns,
 Speechless each tongue, and bloodless all their veins.
 When lo! the champions give the dreadful sign,
 And hand in hand in friendly token join;
 Those iron hands, which soon upon the foe,
 With giant force, must deal the deathful blow.

* This said, &c.] Virgil.

*Hæc fatus, duplicem ex humeris rejecit amictum;
 Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
 Exuit.*

B O O K III.

A R G U M E N T.

A description of the battle; Stephenson is vanquished; the manner of his body being carried off by his friends; Broughton claims the prize, and takes his final leave of the stage.

FULL in the centre now they fix in form,
 Eye meeting eye, and arm oppos'd to arm;
 With wily feints each other now provoke,
 And cautious meditate th' impending stroke.
 Th' impatient youth, inspir'd by hopes of fame,
 First sped his arm, unfaithful to its aim;
 The wary warrior, * watchful of his foe,
 Bends back, and 'scapes the death-designing blow;
 With erring glance it sounded by his ear,
 And whizzing spent † its idle force in air.
 Then, quick advancing, on th' unguarded head
 A dreadful shower of thunderbolts he shed;

* Watchful of his foe, &c.] Virgil.

—ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
 Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.

† Its idle force in air] Idem.

—vires in ventum effudit.—

As when a whirlwind, from some cavern broke,
 With furious blasts assaults the monarch oak,
 This way and that its lofty top it bends,
 And the fierce storm the crackling branches rends.
 So wav'd the head, and now to left and right,
 Rebounding flies, and crash'd beneath the weight.

Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
 Whose fury kindles at the galling smart;
 The hero rouses with redoubled rage,
 Flies on his foe, and foams upon the stage.
 Now grappling, both in close contention join,
 Legs lock in legs, and * arms in arms entwine;
 They sweat, they heave, each tugging nerve they
 Both fix'd as oaks, their sturdy trunks sustain. [strain,
 At length the chief his wily art display'd,
 Poiz'd on his hip the hapless youth he laid;
 Aloft in air his quivering limbs he throw'd,
 Then on the ground down dash'd the ponderous load.
 So some vast ruin on a mountain's brow,
 Which tottering hangs, and dreadful nods below,
 When the fierce tempest the foundation rends,
 Whirl'd thro' the air with horrid crush descends.

* Arms in arms entwine] Virgil.

Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque laceffunt.

* Bold and undaunted up the hero rose,
 Fiercer his bosom for the combat glows,
 Shame stung his manly heart, and fiery rage
 New steel'd each nerve, redoubled war to wage.
 Swift to revenge the dire disgrace he flies,
 Again suspended on the hip he lies;
 Dash'd on the ground, again had fatal fell,
 Haply the barrier caught his flying heel;
 There fast it hung, th' imprison'd head gave way,
 And the strong arm defrauded of its prey.
 Vain strove the chief to whirl the mountain o'er,
 It slippt—he headlong rattles on the floor.
 Around the ring loud peals of thunder rise,
 And shouts exultant † echo to the skies.

Uplifted now inanimate he seems,
 Forth from his nostrils gush the purple streams;
 Gasping for breath, and impotent of hand,
 The youth beheld his rival staggering stand.
 But he alas! had felt th' unnerving blow,
 And gaz'd unable to assault the foe.

* Bold and undaunted, &c.] Virgil.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros,
 Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitât irâ,
 Tum pudor incêndit vires—

† Echo to the skies, &c.] Virgil.

It clamor cœlo —

As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
 Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
 They fight, they foam, then, wearied in the fray,
 Aloof retreat, and lowering stand at bay.
 So stood the heroes, and indignant glar'd, [smear'd,
 While grim with blood their rueful fronts were
 Till with returning strength new rage returns,
 Again their arms are steel'd, again each bosom burns.

* Incessant now their hollow sides they pound,
 Loud on each breast the bounding bangs resound,
 Their flying fists around the temples glow,
 And the jaws crackle with the massy blow.
 The raging combat every eye appals,
 Strokes following strokes, and falls succeeding falls.
 Now droop'd the youth, yet, urging all his might,
 With feeble arm still vindicates the fight.
 Till, on the part where heav'd the panting breath,
 A fatal blow impress'd the seal of death.
 Down dropt the hero, weltering in his gore,
 And his stretch'd limbs lay quivering on the floor.
 So when a falcon skims the airy way,
 Stoops from the clouds, and pounces on his prey ;

* Incessant now, &c.] Virgil.

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnere jactant :
 Multa cavo lateri ingeminant ; & pectore vastos
 Dant sonitus, erratque aures & tempora circum
 Crebra manus : duro crepitant sub vulnere mæ.

Dash'd

Dash'd on the earth the feather'd victim lies,
 Expands its feeble wings, and, fluttering, dies.
 * His faithful friends their dying hero rear'd,
 O'er his broad shoulders dangling hung his head;
 Dragging its limbs, they bear the body forth,
 Mash'd teeth and clotted blood came issuing from his
 mouth.

Thus then the victor — O celestial power!
 Who gave this arm to boast one triumph more,
 Now, grey in glory, let my labours cease,
 My blood-stain'd laurel wed the branch of peace,
 Lur'd by the lustre of the golden prize,
 † No more in combat this proud crest shall rise;
 To future heroes future deeds belong,
 Be mine the theme of some immortal song.

This said — he seiz'd the prize, while round the
 High soar'd Applause on Acclamation's wing. [ring

* His faithful friends] Virgil.

Ast illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
 Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
 Ore ejestantem, mixtosque in sanguine dentes,
 Ducunt ad naves —

† No more in combat, &c.] Idem.

— hic victor cæstus, artemque repono.

TO A REDBREAST.

BY MR. LANGHORNE.

Little bird with bosom red,
 Welcome to my humble shed;
 Courtly domes of high degree
 Have no room for thee and me.
 Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
 Nothing mind an idle song.

Daily near my table steal,
 While I pick my scanty meal.
 Doubt not, little tho' there be,
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
 Well rewarded, if I spy
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
 See thee, when thou'lt eat thy fill,
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feather'd friend, again!
 Well thou know'st the broken pane;
 Ask of me thy daily store,
 Go not near Avaro's door;
 Once within his iron hall
 Woeful end shall thee befall.

Savage! he would soon divest
 Of its rosy plumes thy breast,
 Then, with solitary joy,
 Eat thee bones and all, my boy!

O . . . D . . . E . . .

ON THE BIRTH OF MISS E. W.

THE stars obscur'd from view retire,
And silver Cynthia frighted flies:

The glorious sun again restores

His genial light to mortal eyes,
And, swiftly born by flaming steeds,
In radiant majesty proceeds.

But why, in such unusual notes,

Hails the sweet lark the opening dawn?

Why does the thrush so sweetly pour

His grateful anthems to the morn?

Why does the linnet's mellow strain

So early charm the listening plain?

Nor thus the rose was wont to glow,

Soft blooming in her verdant bed;

Nor e'er the lilly's snowy pride,

So sweetly hung the pensive head,

Some glorious victory sure is won

By noble Rutland's nobler son.

Dull

Dull bard (methinks my Clio cries)

And little skill'd in nature's lore ;

Canst thou this sweet effect ascribe

To such a horrid cause as war.

The god of war in whirlwinds rides,

And o'er the rapid storm presides.

What tho' on Weser's goary banks

The British thunders fainter roll ;

What tho' each blast that wings the sky

Bears their loud cries from pole to pole,

Returning conquest thou shalt see,

And Granby's arm thy country free.

Sublime, o'er all the powers of heaven,

Venus triumphant sits to-day ;

Swift, thro' the trackless void of air,

I saw her wing her rapid way.

She flew to Norfolk's humble plains,

With mirth to glad the jocund swains.

On Idus' top young Cupid stands,

High o'er his head, with joyful air,

He waves his bow, and golden dart,

And smiling cries, ye swains beware,

A nymph is born that shall sustain

The honour of my mystic reign.

Bedold,

Behold, in Sylvia's infant eyes,
 Bright beams with mildest lustre play,
 'Till years and growing strength shall wake
 Their glories into perfect day.
 'Till then ye swains your hearts are free,
 But then ye must submit to me.

Her, in her tender years, will I
 From every early harm defend ;
 And, as she grows in strength and age,
 Still shall I prove her constant friend,
 Her beauties guard from timeless death,
 And blasting sickness' poisonous breath.

And when three lustres shall be flown,
 And she in growing charms shall rise ;
 Damon do thou prepare to sing,
 The daily conquests of her eyes ;
 Thus shalt thou gain thy verdant lays,
 And happy wear it all thy days.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS W.

Dark was the night, and dreary was the cell,
 And Boreas howl'd amid the leafless trees,
 When pensive Thyrsis took a sad farewell
 Of worldly happiness and mental peace.

One trembling lamp the absent day supplied,
 Low on the ground Lucinda's corpse was laid,
 On the green moss extended by his side,
 And decent cover'd with a linen shade.

The mournful youth, upon his hand reclin'd,
 On the pale damsel cast a gloomy look;
 His eyes betray'd the horrors of his mind,
 When thus low bending o'er the corpse he spoke:

- “ Yield every passion! yield to mighty woe!
 “ Let clouds of grief my mournful soul o'erspread,
 “ My ready tears in rapid torrents flow,
 “ The last poor tribute that awaits the dead.
- “ Fair as the morn, and constant as the dove,
 “ True as the hermit to the plighted vow,
 “ All this thou wert, sweet object of my love;
 “ A gelid corpse; a breathless carcas now.

“ But

“ But ah ! what hopes thy beauteous bosom swell’d,
 “ Vain hopes ! cut off by death’s untimely blow ;
 “ The fates, alas ! thy promis’d bliss with-held,
 “ Ah ! too forgetful of th’ approaching foe.

“ I thought to bear thee cross the watery plain,
 “ Thy smiling brow had calm’d the roaring waves,
 “ And love, soft power that smooths the angry main,
 “ Had chain’d the winds in subterraneous caves.

“ I thought to bear thee to my native land,
 “ Where purer wheat the crouded granaries fills,
 “ Where purling rivulets roll o’er golden sand,
 “ And softly tumble from a thousand hills.

“ Alas ! poor wandering, melancholy ghost !
 “ Nor joy hast thou to know, nor land to see ;
 “ But plaintive glid’st along the dreary coast,
 “ Forgetful of the world, and love, and me.

“ Is this my joy ? is this the promis’d rest ? [breath ;
 “ Ah no ! the fates have stopp’d thy labouring
 “ Thou liest not in my fond embraces prest,
 “ But in the cold, the icy arms of death.

“ Was it for this, alas ! with ardent fire
 “ From her lov’d home, I bore the beauteous maid,
 “ Stole the lov’d offspring from her weeping fire,
 “ And urg’d by love o’er northern hills convey’d.

- " Why did, alas ! the hoary sage's voice
 " Pronounce us blest, or tie the sacred knot,
 " So soon to be dissolv'd ? or why my joys
 " So soon commence, so soon to be forgot ?

 " Forgot ? ah no ! not till the purple blood,
 " Flows languid on, or fails in every vein,
 " 'Till with my fair I cross the Stygian flood,
 " So long the pleasing anguish shall remain.

 " O horrid, lonely, melancholy grove !
 " No joys (as once) in you can Thyrsis see !
 " But whither would my thoughts unweeting rove,
 " Or why reflects my soul on aught but thee.

 " But see, the sun advances in the east,
 " (And early songsters hail th'approach of morn)
 " Brisk he returns from Thetis' downy breast,
 " But not to me my usual joys return.

 " Watch then, ye swains, the foe perhaps is near :
 " But why on foreign subjects do I dwell ?
 " Take thy last look, O Thyrsis, of thy fair,
 " Farewell ! sweet nymph ! eternally farewell."

He said ; his ready tears obedient flow,
 While o'er the pallid corse he ceaseless mourn'd,
 He rav'd, he groan'd, and with wild acts of woe,
 All sad and pensive to his cot return'd.

BARREAUX'S CELEBRATED SONNET,

GRAND DIEU! TES JUGEMENTS, &c.

TRANSLATED.

Great God! thy judgments are supremely right,
 And in thy creatures bliss is thy delight;
 But I have sinn'd beyond the reach of grace,
 Nor can thy mercy yield thy justice place.
 So bright, my God, my crimson vices shine,
 That only choice of punishment is thine.
 Thy essence pure abhors my sinful state,
 And even thy clemency confirms my fate.
 Be thy will done! let, let thy wrath descend,
 While tears like mine from guilty eyes offend.
 Dart thy red bolts, tho' in the dreadful stroke
 My soul shall bless the Being I provoke.
 Yet where! O where, can even thy thunders fall?
 Christ's blood o'erspreads and shields me from
 them all.

ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE.

BY KING CHARLES I.

Close thine eyes, and sleep secure ;
 Thy soul is safe, thy body sure :
 He that guards thee, he that keeps,
 Never slumbers, never sleeps.
 A quiet conscience in the breast
 Has only peace, has only rest :
 The music and the mirth of kings
 Are out of tune, unless she sings :
 Then close thine eyes in peace, and sleep secure,
 No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

A S O N N E T,

UPON OCCASION OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON,
LATELY FOUND ON A GLASS WINDOW AT
CHALFONT, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHERE
MILTON RESIDED DURING THE CONTINUANCE
OF THAT CALAMITY.

FAir mirror of foul times; whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while providence
(Aye watching o'er his faints with eye unseen)
Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;

Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;
As erst he scourg'd Jeddides' sin of yore,
For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore.

A FRAGMENT OF MILTON.

FROM THE ITALIAN*.

WHen, in your language, I unskill'd address
 The short-pac'd efforts of a tramell'd muse;
 Soft Italy's fair critics round me press,
 And my mistaking passion thus accuse:

Why, to our tongue's disgrace, does thy dumb love
 Strive, in rough sound, soft meaning to impart?
 He must select his words who speaks to move,
 And point his purpose at the hearer's heart.

Then laughing they repeat my languid lays —
 Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps — they cry,
 For whom thou hast a tongue, may feel thy praise;
 But we must understand e'er we comply!

Do thou, my soul's soft hope, these triflers awe!
 Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what I writ;
 Since Love from silent looks can language draw,
 And scorns the lame impertinence of wit.

* When Milton in his youth was at Florence, he fell in love with a young lady; and, as she understood no English, he writ some verses to her in Italian; of which the above is the sense.

TO MR. JOHN MILTON,

ON HIS POEM ENTITLED PARADISE LOST.

O thou! the wonder of the present age!
 An age immerst in luxury and vice;
 A race of triflers; who can relish naught,
 But the gay issue of an idle brain:
 How could'st thou hope to please this tinsel race?
 Tho' blind, yet with the penetrating eye
 Of intellectual light thou dost survey
 The labyrinth perplex'd of heaven's decrees;
 And with a quill, pluck'd from an angel's wing,
 Dipt in the fount that laves th' eternal throne,
 Trace the dark paths of providence divine,
 "And justify the ways of God to Man."

F. C. 1680.

BENTLEY'S EMENDATIONS OF MILTON.

When Milton's forfeit life was in debate, [state;
Some urg'd his crime, and some th' unsettled

* Hyde paus'd: — now keen resentment fill'd his
breast,

Now softness sooth'd, while genius shone confess'd:
At length the lingering statesman thus his thoughts
express'd:

When I consider, with impartial view,
The crimes he wrought, the good he yet may do;
His violated faith, and fictions dire,
His towering genius, and poetic fire;
I blame the rebel, but the bard admire.

Mercy unmerited his muse may raise,
To sound his Monarch's, or his Maker's praise.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fate; —
By Bentley's pen reduc'd to woeful state,
Far more thou'lt dread his friendship than our hate.

Procrustes like, he'll ever find pretence
To strain, or pare thee to his wretched sense:
Rack'd, screw'd, enerv'd by emendation sad,
The hangman had not us'd thee half so bad.

* Lord Clarendon.

ON

O N T H E P E A C E

CONCLUDED BETWIXT OLIVER CROMWELL, AND
THE STATES OF HOLLAND, IN MDCLIV.

BY THE CELEBRATED MR. LOCKE.

IF Greece with so much mirth did entertain
Her Argo coming laden home again ;
With what loud mirth and triumph shall we greet
The wish'd approaches of our wellcome fleet ?
When of that prize our ships do us possess,
Whereof their fleece was but an emblem, Peace :
Whose wellcome voice sounds sweeter in our ears,
Than the loud music of the warbling spheres.
And ravishing more than those, doth plainly show,
That sweetest harmony we to discord owe.
Each seaman's voice pronouncing peace doth charm,
And seems a syren's, but it has less harm
And danger in't, and yet like theirs doth please
Above all other, and make us love the seas.
W' have heaven in this peace, like souls above,
W' have nought to do now but admire and love.

Glory of war is victory, but here
Both glorious be, 'cause neither's conqueror.
'Thad been less honour, if it might be said,
They fought with those that could be conquered.

Our re-united seas, like streams that grow
 Into one river, do the smother flow :
 Where ships no longer grapple, but, like those,
 The loving seamen in embraces close.
 We need no fire-ships now, a nobler flame
 Of love doth us protect, whereby our name
 Shall shine more glorious, a flame as pure
 As those of heaven, and shall as long endure :
 This shall direct our ships, and he that steers
 Shall not consult heaven's fires, but those he bears
 In his own breast : let Lilly threaten wars :
 While this conjunction lasts we'll fear no stars.

Our ships are now most beneficial grown, [own.
 Since they bring home no spoils but what's their
 Unto whose branchless pines our forward spring
 Owes better fruit, than autumn's wont to bring :
 Which give not only gems and Indian ore,
 But add at once whole nations to our store :
 Nay, if to make a world's but to compose
 The difference of things, and make them close
 In mutual amity, and cause peace to creep
 Out of the jarring chaos of the deep :
 Our ships do this, so that, while others take
 Their course about the world, ours a world make.

TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BY THE SAME.

PAX regit Augusti, quem vicit Julius, orbem :
 Ille sago factus clarior, ille togâ.
 Hos sua Roma vocat Magnos, et numina credit ;
 Hic quod fit mundi Victor, et ille Quies.
 Tu bellum ut pacem populis das, unus utrisq ;
 Major es : ipse orbem vincis, et ipse regis.
 Nos hominem e cœlo missum te credimus ; unus
 Sic poteras binos qui superare deos !

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

A Peaceful sway the great Augustus bore,
 O'er what great Julius gain'd by arms before :
 Julius was all with martial trophies crown'd ;
 Augustus for his peaceful arts renown'd.
 Rome calls them Great, and makes them Deities ;
 That, for his valour ; This, his policies.
 You, mighty prince, than both are greater far,
 Who rule in peace that world you gain'd by war :
 You, sure, from heaven a finish'd hero fell,
 Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excell.

O N A F A N.

BY BISHOP ATTERBURY.

FLavia the least and slightest toy
 Can with resistless art employ.
 This fan in meaner hands would prove
 An engine of small force in love:
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motion so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow,
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame.

THE

THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE, BOOK III.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND LYDIA.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

HORACE.

While I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth, reclin'd
On your soft bosom, sought to rest,
Not Persia's monarch was so blest.

LYDIA.

While you ador'd no other face,
Nor lov'd me in the second place,
Your Lydia's celebrated fame
Outshone the Roman Ilia's name.

HORACE.

Me, Chloe now possesses whole;
Her voice and lyre command my soul:
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could I redeem her life with mine.

LYDIA.

For me young lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns:

Twice

'Twice would I life for him resign,
Could his be ransom'd thus with mine.

HORACE.

What if the God, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke ;
What if my Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain !

LYDIA.

Tho' Phosphor be less fair than he ;
Thou wilder than the raging sea ;
Lighter than down ; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

THE THIRD ODE OF HORACE, BOOK IV.

TO HIS MUSE.

BY THE SAME.

HE, on whose birth the Lyric Queen
Of numbers smil'd, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the fam'd Olympic race.

He

He shall not, after toils of war,
 And humbling haughty monarchs pride,
 With laurell'd brows conspicuous far,
 To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

But him the streams, that warbling flow
 Rich Tiber's fertile meads along,
 And shady groves, his haunts shall know
 The master of th' Æolian song.

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome !
 Have fix'd me in the poet's choir,
 And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,
 Forbears to blame what they admire.

Goddeſs of the ſweet-ſounding lute,
 Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
 Who can'ſt the finny race, tho' mute,
 To cygnets dying accents raiſe ;

Thy gift it is, that all with eaſe
 My new unrivall'd honours own ;
 That ſtill I live, and living pleaſe,
 O Goddeſs, is thy gift alone !

IN HIS BANISHMENT.

BY THE SAME.

—— Thus on the banks of Seine,
Far from my native home, I pass my hours,
Broken with years and pain; yet my firm heart
Regards my friends, and country, even in death.

BY THE SAME.

THus, where the Seine thro' realms of slaves
 strays,
With sportive verse I sing my tedious days;
Far from Britannia's happy climate torn,
Bow'd down with age, and with diseases worn:
Yet even in death I act a steady part,
And still my friends and country share my heart.

AN

A N E P I G R A M,

ON REFUSING BISHOP ATTERBURY A PUBLIC
FUNERAL.

HIS foes, when dead great Atterbury lay,
Shrunk at his name, and trembled at his clay;
Ten thousand dangers to their eyes appear,
Great as their guilt, and certain as their fear;
T'insult a deathless corse, alas! is vain:
Well for themselves, and well employ'd their pain,
Could they secure him — not to rise again. }

THE

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

BY MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

PRESERV'D FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

THrow an apple up a hill,
Down the apple tumbles still,
Roll it down, it never stops,
'Till within the vale it drops;
So are all things prone to love,
All below, and all above.

Down the mountain flows the stream,
Up ascends the lambent flame,
Smoke and vapour mount the skies,
All preserve their unities,
Nought below, and nought above,
Seems averse, but prone to love.

Stop the meteor in its flight,
Or the orient rays of light,
Bid Dan Phœbus not to shine,
Bid the planets not incline,
'Tis as vain below, above,
To impede the course of love.

Salamanders live in fire,
 Eagles to the skies aspire,
 Diamonds in their quarries lie,
 Rivers do the sea supply:
 Thus appears, below, above,
 A propensity to love.

Metals grow within the mine,
 Luscious grapes upon the vine,
 Still the needle marks the pole,
 Parts are equal to the whole,
 'Tis a truth as clear, that Love
 Quickens all below, above.

Man is born to live and die,
 Snakes to creep, and birds to fly,
 Fishes in the waters swim,
 Doves are mild, and lions grim,
 Nature thus below, above,
 Pushes all things on to Love.

Does the cedar love the mountain?
 Or the thirsty deer the fountain?
 Does the shepherd love his crook?
 Or the willow court the brook?
 Thus by Nature all things move,
 Like a running stream, to love.

Is the valiant hero bold?
 Does the miser doat on gold?
 Seek the birds in spring to pair?
 Breathes the rose-bud scented air?
 Should you this deny, you'll prove
 Nature is averſe to love.

As the wench loves a laſs,
 As the toper loves his glaſs,
 As the friar loves his cowl,
 Or the miller loves the toll,
 So do all, below, above,
 Fly precipitate to Love.

When young maidens courtſhip ſhun,
 When the moon outſhines the ſun,
 When the tygers lambs beget,
 When the ſnow is black as jet,
 When the planets ceaſe to move,
 Then ſhall Nature ceaſe to love.

IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

BY THE LATE MR. JAMES HERVEY.

When snows descend, and robe the fields
 In winter's bright array;
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
 And weeps itself away:

When spring appears, when violets blow,
 And shed a rich perfume;
 How soon the fragrance breathes its last!
 How short-liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn, the summer-rose
 Hangs withering ere 'tis noon;
 We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
 But mourn the pleasure gone.

With gliding fire, an evening star
 Streaks the autumnal skies;
 Shook from the sphere, it darts away,
 And, in an instant, dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheeks,
 And sparkle in the eye:
 So, from the lovely finish'd form
 The transient graces fly;

To this the seasons, as they roll,
 Their attestation bring :
 They warn the fair ; their every round
 Confirms the truth I sing.

IMITATED FROM CASIMIR.

BY THE SAME.

CHild of the summer, charming rose,
 No longer in confinement lie ;
 Arise to light, thy form disclose ;
 Rival the spangles of the sky :

The rains are gone ; the storms are o'er ;
 Winter retires to make thee way ;
 Come then, thou sweetly-blushing flower ;
 Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dress'd in beaming smiles,
 To give thy beauties to the day ;
 Young zephyrs wait, with gentlest gales,
 To fan thy bosom, as they play.

JUVENAL IMITATED.

BY THE SAME.

Since all the downward tracts of time
 God's watchful eye surveys ;
 O ! who so wise to chuse our lot,
 And regulate our ways ?

Since none can doubt his equal love,
 Unmeasurably kind ;
 To his unerring, gracious will,
 Be every wish resign'd.

Good when he gives, supremely good ;
 Nor less, when he denies ;
 Even crosses, from his sovereign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

DR. WYNTER TO DR. CHEYNE.

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
 Thou didst thy system learn;
 From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
 Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grass;
 The one for babes is only food,
 The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try,
 A friend's advice forgive;
 Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
 Thy patients then may live.

DR.

DR. CHEYNE TO DR. WYNTER.

MY system, doctor, is my own,
 No tutor I pretend;
 My blunders hurt myself alone,
 But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
 Thrice happy might you be;
 Perhaps you might regain your mind,
 And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
 But heartily forgive;
 'Tis natural you should bid me die,
 That you yourself may live.

A N E L E G Y,

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF A NOBLEMAN'S
SEAT IN CORNWALL.

BY MR. MOORE.

A Midst these venerable drear remains
Of antient grandeur, musing sad I stray ;
Around a melancholy silence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,
Aloft his mansion rose ; around were seen
Extensive gardens deck'd with every grace, [green.
Ponds, walks, and groves thro' all the seasons

Ah, where is now its boasted beauty fled !
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,
And broken columns in confusion spread,
A rude misshapen heap of ruins lie.

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found :
How are these tottering walls by time defac'd !
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd !

In

In antient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
 Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight-bowl,
 Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread
 Her artful snares to captivate the soul.

Or here, attended by a chosen train
 Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,
 Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,
 Health, joy, and happiness by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,
 No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,
 No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains
 At the once-bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
 Which every clime was ransack'd to supply?
 O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
 And the dismantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care
 Arrang'd, from opening blossoms shed perfume,
 And thick with fruitage stood, the pendent pear,
 The ruddy-colour'd peach, and glossy plumb.

Extinct is all the family of flowers:
 In vain I seek the arbour's cool retreat,
 Where antient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
 Defended from the raging dog-star's heat.

Along the terrass-walks are straggling seen
 'The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,
 Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
 And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves, where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay,
 The mead untill'd a barren aspect wears ;
 And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,
 O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
 Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood ;
 From far, by art the stream was taught to flow,
 Whose liquid stores supplied th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,
 Intent to captivate the scaly fry —
 But perish'd now are all the numerous race,
 Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye Great! behold th' uncertain state
 Of earthly grandeur — beauty, strength, and
 Alike are subject to the stroke of fate, [power,
 And flourish but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
 Still permanent, tho' ages roll away ;
 Who builds on her immortal basis, rears
 A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

T. H. TO SIR HANS SLOANE.

Since you, dear doctor, sav'd my life,
 By turns to bless and curse my wife;
 In conscience I'm oblig'd to do,
 What your commands enjoin'd me to:
 According then to your command,
 That I should search the western land,
 And send you all that I can find
 Of curious things of every kind;
 I've ravag'd air, earth, sea, and caverns,
 Wine, women, children, tombs and taverns;
 And greater rarities can shew
 Than Gresham's children ever knew;
 Which carrier Dick shall bring you down,
 Next time the waggon comes to town.

First, I have drops of the same shower
 Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour;
 From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send
 That help'd queen Dido to her end:
 The snake-skin, which, you may believe,
 The serpent cast who tempted Eve;
 A fig-leaf apron, 'tis the same
 Which Adam wore to hide his shame;
 But now wants darning; sir, beside,
 The jaw by which poor Abel died;

A whetstone worn exceeding small,
 Which Time hath whet his teeth withal.
 The pigeon stuff, which Noah sent
 To tell which way the waters went—
 A ring I've got of Sampson's hair,
 The same which Dalilah did wear.
 St. Dunstan's tongs, as story goes,
 That pinch'd the Devil by the nose.
 The very shaft, as all may see,
 Which Cupid shot at Anthony :
 And, what beyond them all I prize,
 A glance of Cleopatra's eyes.
 Some strains of eloquence which hung,
 In Roman times, on Tully's tongue ;
 Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
 'Till Cowper found them out again !
 Then I've (most curious to be seen)
 A scorpion's bite, to cure the spleen.
 As Moore cures worms in stomach bred,
 I've pills cure maggots in the head ;
 With the receipt how you may make 'em,
 To you I leave the time to take 'em.
 I've got a ray of Phœbus' shine,
 Found in the bottom of a mine ;
 A lawyer's conscience, large and clear,
 Fit for a judge himself to wear.
 I've choice of nostrums how to make
 An oath which churchmen will not take.

In a thumb-vial you shall see,
 Close-stopt, some drops of honesty :
 Which, after searching kingdoms round,
 At last was in a cottage found.
 I ha'n't collected any care,
 Of that there's plenty every-where :
 But, after wondrous labour spent,
 I've got three grains of rich content.
 It is my wish, it is my glory,
 To furnish your nicknackatory :
 I only beg, that when you show 'em,
 You'll fairly tell to whom you owe 'em ;
 Which will your future patients teach
 To do, as has done, your's

T. H.

J.

J. BRAMSTON TO CAPTAIN HINTON.

HInton, old friend, accept from me
 The following rules without a fee :
 An asthma is your case I think,
 So you must neither eat nor drink ;
 I mean, of meats preserv'd in salt,
 Nor any liquor made of malt ;
 From season'd sauce avert your eyes,
 From hams, and tongues, and pigeon-pies ;
 If venison-pasty's set before you,
 Each bit you eat—memento mori.

Your suppers, nothing, if you please,
 But, above all, no toasted cheese.
 And now, perhaps, you may observe,
 What I prescribe will make you starve :
 No—I allow you at a meal
 A leg, a loin, or neck of veal ;
 Young turkies—I allow you four,
 Partridge and pullets half a score ;
 Of house-lamb boil'd eat quarters two ;
 The devil's in't if this wont do.—

Now, as to liquor—why indeed,
 What I prescribe, I send you—Mead ;
 Glasses of wine (t'extinguish drought)
 Take three with water, three without.

Let

Let constant exercise be tried,
 And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride;
 Health oftner comes from Blackdownhill,
 Than from th' apothecary's bill.
 Some, if they are not cur'd at once,
 Proclaim their doctor for a dunce:
 Restless from quack to quack they range,
 When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
 Rules and restraints you must endure,
 What comes by time, 'tis time must cure.
 The use of vegetables try,
 And prize Pomona in a pie:
 Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
 And Venus must go unenjoy'd:
 Whate'er you take, put something good in,
 And worship Ceres in a pudding.

For breakfast, it is my advice,
 Eat sago, gruel, barley, rice;
 Take burdock roots, and, by my troth,
 I'd mingle daizies in my broth.

Thus may you draw with ease your breath,
 Deluding, what you dread not, death;
 Thus may you laugh, look clear, and thrive,
 Enrich'd by those whom you survive.
 May dying friends, with one accord,
 Worth and Sincerity reward.

A THOUGHT

FROM MARCUS ANTONINUS.

WHat! shall the causeless curse of fools controul
 Thy wavering virtue, and debase thy soul!
 Reproach'd or censur'd as an useless thing,
 Still pure and constant flows the healing spring,
 Still pours its bounty with a sweet excess,
 Th' invidious tongue with cooling draughts to bless;
 Should thankless hands with clay pollute the tide,
 Will the stain'd waters stagnant cease to glide?
 No, still they flow, by flowing still refine,
 Diffuse new blessings, with new lustre shine.
 Taught by the spring, then bounteous be thy mind,
 By thanks unpaid, be generously kind.
 The streams of charity no taint can know
 'Till stopp'd, refining ever as they flow.

GARDEN

GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON, M. A. LATE FELLOW
OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

I. * IN IL SPENSEROSO.

ON SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

LO! here the place for contemplation made,
For sacred musing and for solemn song!—
—Hence, ye profane! nor violate the shade:
—Come, Spenser's awful genius, come along,
Mix with the music of th' aerial throng!
Oh! breathe a pensive stillness thro' my breast,
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,
And sweetly sooth my passions into rest.
Hint purest thoughts, in purest colours drest,
Even such as angels prompt, in golden dreams,
To holy hermit, high in raptures blest,
His bosom burning with celestial beams:
Ne less the raptures of my summer day,
If Spenser deign with me to moralize the lay.

* The two first inscriptions are in the measure of Spenser's sonnets.

II. IN THE SAME.

ON SPENSER'S SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

AT large beneath this floating foliage laid
 Of circling green, the crystal running by,
 (How soft the murmur, and how cool the shade!)
 While gentle-whispering winds their breath apply
 To 'swage the fever of the sultry sky;
 Smit with the sweet * Sicilian's simple strain,
 I try the rural reed, but fondly try
 To match his pastoral airs, and happy vein:
 Next I assay the quill of † Mantua's swain
 Of bolder note, and of more courtly grace:
 Ah, foolish emulation! — They disdain
 My awkward skill, and push me from the place.
 Yet boast not, thou of Greece, nor thou of Rome,
 My sweeter ‡ Colin Clout outpipes you both at home.

* Theocritus. † Virgil. ‡ Spenser.

III. IN SHAKESPEAR'S WALK.

BY yon hills, with morning spread,
 Lifting up the tufted head,
 By those golden waves of corn,
 Which the laughing fields adorn,
 By the fragrant breath of flowers,
 Stealing from the woodbin-bowers,
 By this thought-inspiring shade,
 By the gleamings of the glade,
 By the babbling of the brook,
 Winding flow in many a crook,
 By the rustling of the trees,
 By the humming of the bees,
 By the woodlark, by the thrush,
 Wildly warbling from the bush,
 By the fairy's shadowy tread
 O'er the cowslip's dewy head,
 Father, monarch of the stage,
 Glory of Eliza's age,
 Shakespear! deign to lend thy face,
 This romantic nook to grace,
 Where untaught Nature sports alone,
 Since thou and Nature are but one.

IV. IN MILTON'S ALCOVE.

HEre, mighty Milton! in the blaze of noon,
 Amid the broad effulgence, here I fix
 Thy radiant tabernacle. Nought is dark
 In thee, thou bright companion of the sun!
 Thus thy own Uriel in its centre stands
 Illustrious, waving glory round him! he
 Fairest archangel of all spirits in heaven,
 As, of the sons of men, the greatest thou.

V. IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

HIC media te luce loco, mediisq; diei
 Stas circumfusus flammis: tentoria figo
 Hæc radiata tibi, Milton! quia nubila sacro
 Carmine nulla tuo, comes illustrissime solis!
 Sic medio stans sole tuus nitet Uriel, aureum
 Diffunditq; jubar, splendens, et lucida tela:
 Celestes inter cœtus pulcherrimus ille,
 Mortales inter veluti tu maximus omnes.

VI. ON LAUREL HILL,

AT THE END OF THE GARDEN.

TO MR. POPE.

O skill'd thy every reader's breast to warm,
 To lull with harmony, with sense to charm,
 To call the glowing soul into the ear,
 (And now we live, and now we die to hear,
 Born on the waves of melody along
 Exulting shout, and triumph in thy song !)
 O Pope ! the sweetest of the tuneful race,
 This votive tablet, grateful, here I place ;
 Here, where the Graces sport on Laurel Hill,
 Fast by the music of the murmuring rill ;
 From hence the blueish Barkshire hills survey,
 Which oft have echoed to thy sylvan lay ;
 When, young, in Windsor's blissful fields you stray'd,
 Immortal by your deathless labours made !
 There the first music trembled from thy tongue,
 And * Binfield swains on every accent hung :
 The larks the sweetness of thy notes confess,
 And, dumb with envy, sunk into their nest ;

* Mr. Pope lived at Binfield in Windsor Forest, Barkshire,
 where he wrote the most poetical of all his admirable works,

While, in soft silence, * Loddon stole along,
 And, listening, wonder'd at thy softer song.
 Nor scorn the prospects which Oxonia yields,
 Her hills as verdant, and as fair her fields,
 As rich her vallies, and her streams as clear,
 And Phœbus haunts, and—thou hast charm'd us
 For other bux a single wreath I wove, [† here.
 But dedicate to thine my ‡ Laurel Grove.

* A river, celebrated in Pope's Windsor Forest.

† Mr. Pope used frequently to visit Oxford: he likewise translated part of Homer at Stanton Harcourt in this County, as appears from an inscription in one of the windows there.

‡ I would not have it imagined by these lines, that I equalled Pope to the great triumvirate, Spenser, Shakespear, and Milton, who will reign a triumvirate for ever: it is honour enough to the greatest poets, even to Mr. Pope, to be placed next to them.

VII. IN CHAUCER'S BOURE.

WHO is this thilke old bard which wonneth
here?

This thilke old bard, firs, is Dan Chaucer :
Full gentle knight was he, in very sooth,
Albee a little japepish in his youth.
He karoll'd deftly to his new psautry,
And eke couth tellen tales of jollity,
And sangs of solace, all the livelong day,
Soote as the ouzle or throstell in May.
Withouten words mo, a merie maker he,
Ne hopen I his permagall to see.
Ne Johnny Gay, perdie, ne Matthew Prior,
In diting tales of pleasaunce couth go higher,
Here in this gardyn full of flowers gend,
Betwixt this elder-tree, and fresh woodbend,
He hearkeneth the foules' assemblee,
That fro' the twigs maken their melodie.
Ye pied daiesies, spring neath his feet,
Who song so footly, " The daisy is so sweet :"
And whilest, " benedicite," he sings,
Ryn, little beck, in silver murmurings.
O pleasaunt poete, thyselfen solace here,
And merie be thy heart, old Dan Chaucer.

VIII. AT THE END OF THE CANAL IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN.

Salve, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis ocelle læte ruris,
Meæ deliciæ, mei recessus!
Hic gratas Charites agunt choreas,
Dum tangunt citharas novem Sorores;
Hic Pomona rubet, Lyæus uvis
Cingit tempora pampinoq; honesta,
Gaudens versicolore Flora veste
Et lusus varium trahit per annum.
Vos mitis Zephyri leves susurri,
Et lenes strepitus loquacis undæ,
Vos suaves avium modi canentum,
Et florum assyrii recentum odores,
O vos purpurei mei sodales,
O vos dulciloqui mei sodales,
Vobis perpetuam damus salutem!
Salve, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis ocelle læte ruris,
Meæ deliciæ, mei recessus!

IX. IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

HAil, happy garden, happy groves,
Whom your happiest master loves !

Here the Graces weave the ring,

While the Muses touch the string,

There Pomona blushes, there

Plump Lyæus braids his hair,

Braids with tendrils of the vine,

“ Dropping odours, dropping wine,”

And gay Flora frolics, drest

In her many-colour'd vest.

O the waving of the trees !

And the fanning of the breeze !

O the prattling of the rill,

Still supplied and prattling still !

O the Zephyrs sweetly playing,

As when first they go a Maying !

O the birds, for ever singing,

And the flowers, for ever springing !

Hail, happy garden, happy groves,

Whom your happiest master loves !

X. IN THE SAME.

From busy scenes, with Peace alone retir'd,
 And the warm ray of gratitude inspir'd,
 For blessings past, and mercies yet to come,
 Here let me praise my God, and fix my home!
 With * Isaac, in the fields, for Grace implore,
 With Moses, in each beamy bush, adore!
 His providence for all my wants provides,
 His arm upholds me, and his right-hand guides.
 His breezes fan me in the noontide hours,
 Where Coolness walks amid my shades and bowers:
 His bounty in the silver current flows,
 Smiles in the blossoms, in the fruitage glows:
 Bright with † pomaceous stores, his gift, behold
 Th' espaliers bend with balls of blooming gold!
 His radiant finger gilds the vernal flowers,
 Fed with his balm, and water'd with his showers:
 He bids the rose its crimson folds unloose,
 And blush, resplendent, in the purple dews:

* Gen. ch. 24. v. 63. "And Isaac went out to meditate
 " in the field at the eventide."

† — While English plains

Blush with pomaceous harvests.

PHILIPS.

The

The lilly he arrays with spotless white,
 Rich in its mantle of inwoven light;
 (Go, Solomon, and cast thy gems aside,
 Nor glory in thy poverty of pride!)
 The painted tribes their sunny robes display,
 And lend a lucid softness to the day.
 Grateful, each flower to heaven its incense pays,
 And breathes its fragrant soul away in praise.
 Oh, thither may they teach my soul to soar,
 Confess our Maker, and his steps adore!
 Contented let me live, submissive die,
 And hope a fairer Paradise on high!

XI. IN * GOLDEN GROVE.

WHat pleasing form commands the list'd eye,
 O say, what younger brother of the sky?
 I know my Taylor's mild auspicious grace,
 And † more than human sweetness in his face.
 The light of Faith around his eyeballs plays,
 And Hope and Charity unite their rays.
 What ‡ Canaan honey trickles from his tongue,
 And manna, sweeter than the muses song!
 Or, copious, thro' his shining pages roll'd,
 The gushing torrent of celestial gold!

O

* The harbour is called Golden Grove, because bishop Taylor wrote several of his most excellent and pious works at Golden Grove in Wales, the seat of his great patron the earl of Carbery. He has, on that account, a book of devotions called Golden Grove.

† Bishop Taylor was so extremely handsome and beautiful in his youth, that archbishop Laud thought him almost an angel from heaven when he first saw and heard him in the pulpit. See bishop Rust's sermon preached at bishop Taylor's funeral.

‡ His excellent treatises are highly valued for the exactness of wit, profoundness of judgment, richness of fancy, copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all

the

O (whether some refulgent throne be thine,
 Or with the white-rob'd band of saints you join,
 Or 'midst the flames of hailing seraphs glow)
 Still may * thy works enrich our world below !
 Still may thy glorious works expanded lie,
 And teach us how to live, and how to die,
 Pour heavenly day on each benighted mind,
 And, next the Sacred Scriptures, blefs mankind.

the purposes of a Christian. After the restoration, he was made bishop of Down and Connor; where he further displayed his mighty talents, and shewed, with an unbounded imagination, all the eloquence of orators, all the flights of poetry, together with all the strictness and regularity of the deepest casuists. Echard's Hist. of England.

* His works are sometimes printed in four, sometimes in six volumes in folio, besides six or seven volumes of devotions, &c. in octavo and duodecimo.

XII. IN COWLEY'S SHADE.

Ingeniosissimo Poetarum
Couleijo!

Qui flores, qui plantas, qui arbores,
Tam felici curâ coluit,

Et cultu cecinit,

Non umbram, non unum nemus,

Sed hortum

D. D.

SHall poets dignify my walks and bowers,
Cowley forgot? forbid it, rural powers!
Ye rural powers, your choicest treasures shed,
To form a garland for your Cowley's head:
Collect the radiance of the showery bow,
The rose's scarlet, and the lilly's snow,
To emulate his works, confus'dly bright,
Where glories rise on glories, light on light,
The prism of wit! Apollo, once before,
So gilded Donn, but so could gild no more.
Our moderns flow, 'tis true, in easy rhimes;
But will our moderns flow thro' future times?
Warm distant ages with their glorious fire,
Inspir'd themselves, and potent to inspire?
Cowley, this praise is thine!—an age is past,
Yet still you charm the present as the last:

Your

Your thoughts, your verse, their pristine lustre hold,
Like rows of jewels rang'd on cloth of gold:

Æneas' passport thus, the golden bough,
Solid and bright at once, resembles you;
Like that, you lead us to Elysium too.

No muddy streams of dull pollution run
In your chaste lines; each wanton hint you shun,
Save when a transient Venus blots the sun.

You sung each flower that spreads the vivid hue,
Each healing plant that sips the silver dew,
Each tree that decks the garden, or the grove;
You sung, but never felt, the fires of Love:
For Love too witty, and from passion free,
You had your mistress, but no lover, she:
Goaded with points, Love never wept so sore,
Tho' wounded by a Muse's bee before.

O master of the many-chorded lyre,
Whom all the Nine, with all their gifts, inspire!
Next Spenser's bower, accept this humble shed,
He charm'd you living, and you join him dead.
But far I place thee from coy Daphne's tree;
The tree that hates Apollo, loves not thee:
Yet had Apollo sung so well, the maid
Had yielded, nor been turn'd into a shade.

XIII. ON THE MOUNT UNDER MR. ADDISON'S PICTURE.

JUst to thy genius, to thy virtues just,
 Next Virgil's, Addison, I place thy bust;
 Such finish'd graces shine in every page,
 Correctly bold, and sober in your rage;
 So elegant with ease, so justly warm,
 Both raise with rapture, both with fancy charm.
 Your muse (no sybil with distortion wild)
 Serene in majesty, in glory mild;
 Your manly thoughts, in manly robes array'd,
 (No tinsel-glitter, and no painted shade)
 Command our wonder, while you march along,
 Consummate masters of immortal song!
 And hark! what notes are stealing on my ear,
 Which dying saints might breathe, or angels hear;
 As incense grateful to th' eternal king,
 And such as Addison alone could sing!
 Blush, Vice, if Vice can blush, and hide thy face;
 A wicked wit is Nature's last disgrace:
 Let Virgil, Addison, your patterns shine,
 Disdain pollution, and commence divine.
 Hail, both! unenvied, and unequall'd pair!
 Your happily divided honours share!
 And thou, my mount, on Pindus' top look down,
 Grac'd with a Virgil, and an Addison.

AN-

XIV. ANOTHER, UNDERNEATH.

THE blifsful scenes, which Virgil's pencil drew,
 Unfolding all Elyfium to the view;
 The rural fcenes which Addifon display'd
 In beauteous Rosamonda's mazy fhade;
 Here, realiz'd, in verdant charms appear,
 And Woodftock and Elyfium flourish here.

XV. O N A M O U N T.

VIRGIL'S PICTURE, ABOVE AN HIVE, IN MINIA-
 TURE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A WOODBINE-BUSH.

HIC Apis Mantuæ
 Mella legit.

Tu autem, lector, fi fapis,

Hujus mella legas :

Mufarum perpetua mella,

Et Charitum Halitus,

Celeftis ingenii neftar, beatos rores !

Illo neftare gratiora, fuaviora,

Quo apes, Mufarum volucres,

Jovem pavere olim

Diſtæo ſub antro :

Et qualis summus Jupiter,

Inter Gentiles Deos,

Talis eminet inter cæteros Poetas

Publius Virgilius Maro.

XVI. UNDER HIS ECLOGUES AND GEOR-
GICS, BY THE CASCADE.

HERE Maro rests beneath the fragrant shade,
Lull'd by the murmurs of the soft cascade :
Ye shepherds, carol here your lays of love,
While pastoral music dies along the grove :
Ye swains, instructed by his grateful theme,
His praises whistle to the tinkling stream :
Ye bees, around your tuneful master throng,
And, humming in delight, his dreams prolong.
But hence the trumpet's clang, the din of war ;
The thunder of the battle hence be far :
His bees, swains, shepherds more contentment yield,
Than heroes blazing in the tented field.
“ * Arms and the man I sing” let others chuse,
Give me the products of his rural muse.

* Arms and the man I sing] Meaning the *Æneid*.

XVII. BENEATH A VINE, UNDER A PICTURE OF HORACE.

BRing hither, friend, O hither bring
The lyre, and let us sit and sing :
Wake into life the dying flute,
The Thracian harp, or Lydian lute :
Horace commands ; O quickly bring the lyre
For Horace, master of the Roman choir.

* With rosebuds grace the poet's brow,
With odours bid his ringlets flow ;
These lillies crop and strew the ground ;
And let my temples too be crown'd.
O fill the bowl beneath this mantling vine,
For Horace, arbiter of verse and wine !

With social joys we raise the hour,
But banish Cupid from the bower :

* Cum flore, Mæcenas, rofarum	
Pressa tuis balanus capillis,	HOR.
Non desint epulis rosæ	
Neu breve lilium.	HOR.

• Seven lustres past, ah! why should I,
And why should Horace pine and sigh?
No more he beckons Pyrrha to the grot,
His Lydia, my Ianthe, both forgot.

True; Lydia revell'd in his veins,
And sweet Ianthe warm'd my strains:
But age should youthful follies shun,
Nor back the flowery mazes run.
Let wit, to wisdom, love, to friendship rise,
And learn, at last, from Horace to grow wise.

• Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas

Claudere lustrum,

Hor.

XVIII. OVER THOMSON'S SEASONS.

LO! Thomson deigns to grace the bower I made,
 And dwell a tuneful tenant of my shade!
 Hail, Nature's poet! whom she taught alone
 To sing her works in number's like her own,
 Sweet as the Thrush, that warbles in the vale,
 And soft as Philomela's tender tale;
 She lent her pencil too, of wondrous power,
 To catch the rainbow, or to form the flower
 Of many-mingling hues; and smiling said,
 (But first with laurel crown'd her favourite's head)
 "These beauteous children, tho' so fair they shine,
 "Fade in my Seasons, let them live in thine:
 "And live they shall, the charm of every eye,
 "Till Nature sickens, and the Seasons die."

XIX. IN THE MIDST OF AN APPLE-TREE,
OVER MR. PHILIPS'S CYDER.

IF he, who first the apple sung, " the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,"
Unfading laurels won ; a branch awaits,
Philips, thy youthful brow : who apples sung
Innocuous, and with freedom bad us quaff
Their generous nectar, 'neath their parent shade,
Adventrous ; nor in less inferior strains.
Like Milton too, you taught Britannia's song
To shake the shackles off of tinkling rhyme,
Emasculate, unnervous ; female verse.
Since modesty (still modesty attends
On worth like thine) forbids thee to accept
The parted wreath, let Milton's be the first,
Unrivall'd ; be the second honours thine.
And now (for Leo, from his flaming mane,
Shakes sultry rays intense, provoking thirst)
O Philips, while my well-glaz'd tube exhales
Nicotian fragrance, and my rummer shines
With cyder sparkling high, partake my shade,
Pleas'd with Pomona's haunts, and cool recess,
Her purple-breathing births sweet-smiling round.

XX. OVER YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Beneath an awful gloom, a night of shade,
 By silent darkness more majestic made,
 I place thy volume, Young! with reverence place;
 Thy volume worthy of a saint's embrace!
 What gospel-truths thy heavenly lines convey,
 And steal us from mortality away!
 Full on the soul thy tides of rapture flow,
 Kindling we hear, and while we read we glow!
 Exalted by thy theme, we mount on high,
 We spurn at earth, we claim our native sky.
 Now let th' unletter'd, or the letter'd man,
 Deny the soul immortal, if he can:
 A soul immortal in thy works we see;
 Can dust and ashes think and write like thee?
 Yes, fools! the soul shall live, for God is just;
 Ye atheists, ye old serpents, lick the dust.
 Thro' depths of ether now his eagle flies,
 Gains on the sun, and traverses the skies,
 Where stars on stars, on planets planets roll,
 Imbibes their splendors, and commands the pole.
 Onward he bears, and, burning, soars away
 (Nor flag his pinions) to mysterious day:
 O Newton, far beyond thy highest sphere;
 Pursue, my soul, no further.—Heaven is here:
 Oppress'd with glory, all my senses fade,
 I faint—O softly lay me in his shade.

INSCRIPTION IN A SUMMER-HOUSE

BELONGING TO THE LATE GILBERT WEST, ESQ.
AT WICKHAM IN KENT.

HÆC mihi nec procul urbe sita est, nec prorsus ad
Ne patiar turbas, utque bonis potiar; [urbem,
Et quoties mutare locum fastigia cogunt,
Transeo, et alternis rure vel urbe fruar.

AUSON. AD VILLAM.

TRANSLATED BY MR. WEST.

NOT wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous
clouds,

And not far distant stands my rural cot:

Neither obnoxious to intruding crouds,

Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,

Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy;

Swift as my changing wish I shift the scene,

And now the country, now the town enjoy.

AN

AN EPI TAPH

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD IN KENT,

BY THE CELEBRATED MR. G—.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
 A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps,
 A heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell:
 Affection warm, and faith sincere,
 And soft humanity were there.
 In agony, in death, resign'd,
 She felt the wound she left behind:
 Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:
 Whom what awaits, while thus he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
 A sigh, an unavailing tear,
 'Till time shall every grief remove,
 With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE,

IN THE CHURCH OF WESTERHAM IN KENT.

James,
Son of colonel Edward Wolfe, and
Henrietta his wife,
Was born in this parish, January 2, 1727.
And died in America, Sep. 13, 1759.
Conqueror of Quebec.

While George, in sorrow, bows his laurell'd
head,
And bids the artist grace the foldier dead;
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame:
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the general tear;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honours date our own.

CON.

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